

MARVEL
PSR+ 4

RODI
RIBIC

LOKI™





70 YEARS OF MARVEL COMICS



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LOKI

part four



YOU...
YOU SAY YOU
ARE...

YORE
MOTHER, LOKI.
FARBOUTI OF
JOTUNHEIM, WIDOW
TO THAT KING
LAUFERU WHO WAS
YORE FATHER.



I...I
THOUGHT YOU
DEAD.

NO, MY SON,
YET LIVING. ALBEIT IN A
STATE MUCH **REDUCED**
FROM THAT I ONCE
KNEW.



THIS
CANNOT
BE...

AFTER ODIN
SLEW YORE FATHER
AND MOST OF OUR MEN-
FOLK, HIS ARMY OF ASGARD
DID RETREAT AND LEAVE US
POOR WOMEN BEHIND TO
WAIL AND LAMENT.

LOKI

"LONG DID WE LANGUISH THERE
UNDER THE BOOT OF OUR OPPRESSOR,
BUT NEVER MIND, SAYS I, THE TIME WILL
COME WHEN MY **LOKI** WILL SHEW THE
TYRANTS OF ASGARD THE METTLE OF
A SON OF JOTUNHEIM!

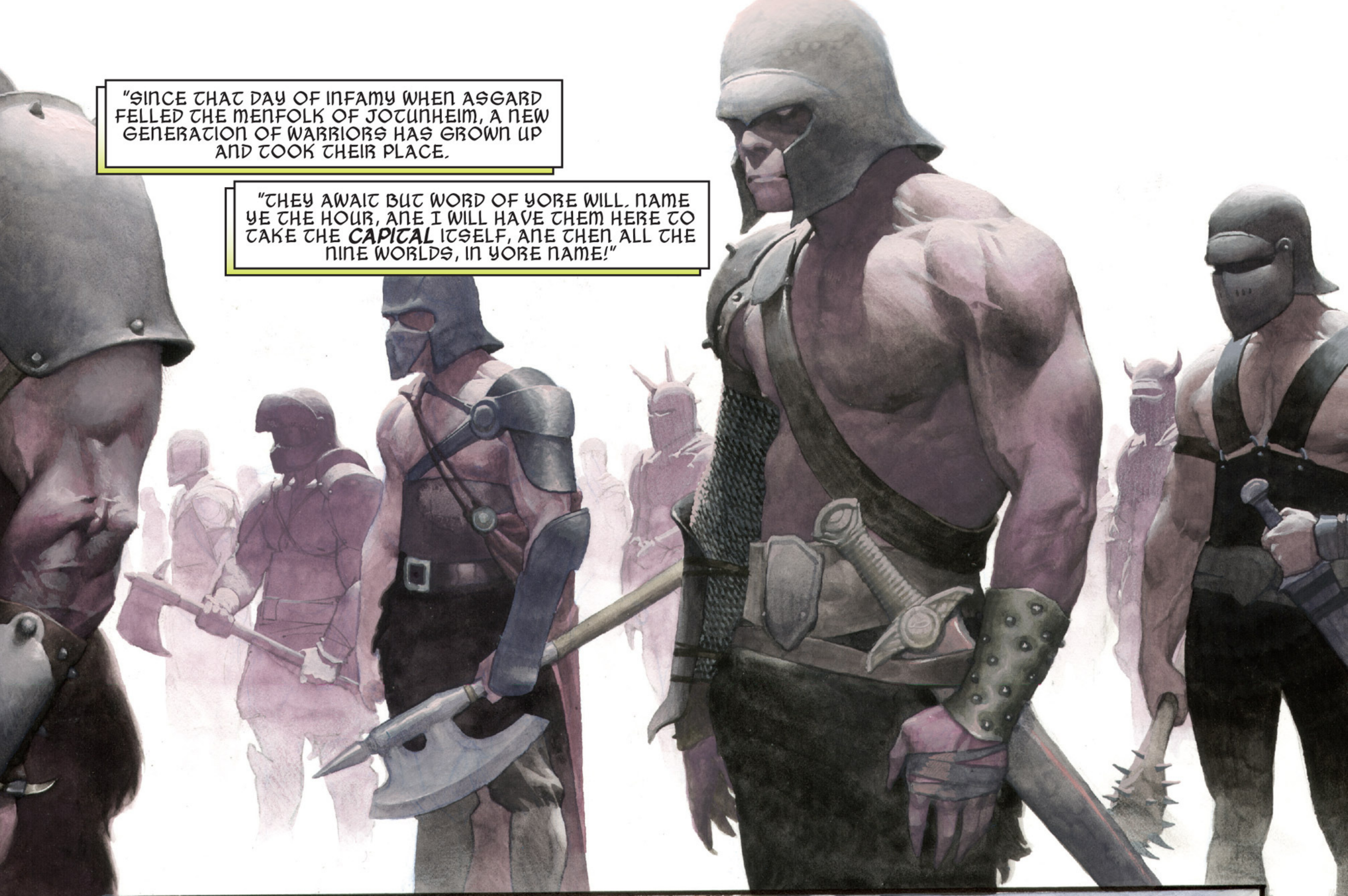
"TRUE, WHEN YE WERE BORN,
YORE FATHER WAS ASHAMED
IN YE, AS YE WERE BUT WEE
AND WEAKLY..."

...BUT I SAYS
TO HIM, IT IS NOWT A
MAN'S SIZE THAT MAKES
FOR HIS STATURE. ANE
LOOK AT YE **NOW!** I WAS
RIGHT AND MORE THAN
RIGHTED.

LONG HAVE
I AWAITED THE DAY
WHEN MY SON WOULD
AVENGE HIS FATHER'S
MURDER, BUT NE'ER DID
I **DREAM** IT WOULD BE
IN SUCH A MANNER--
AS RIGHT LORD OF
ASGARD IN HIMSELF!

"SINCE THAT DAY OF INFAMY WHEN ASGARD
FELLED THE MENFOLK OF JOTUNHEIM, A NEW
GENERATION OF WARRIORS HAS GROWN UP
AND TOOK THEIR PLACE.

"THEY AWAIT BUT WORD OF YORE WILL. NAME
YE THE HOUR, ANE I WILL HAVE THEM HERE TO
TAKE THE **CAPITAL** ITSELF, ANE THEN ALL THE
NINE WORLDS, IN YORE NAME!"

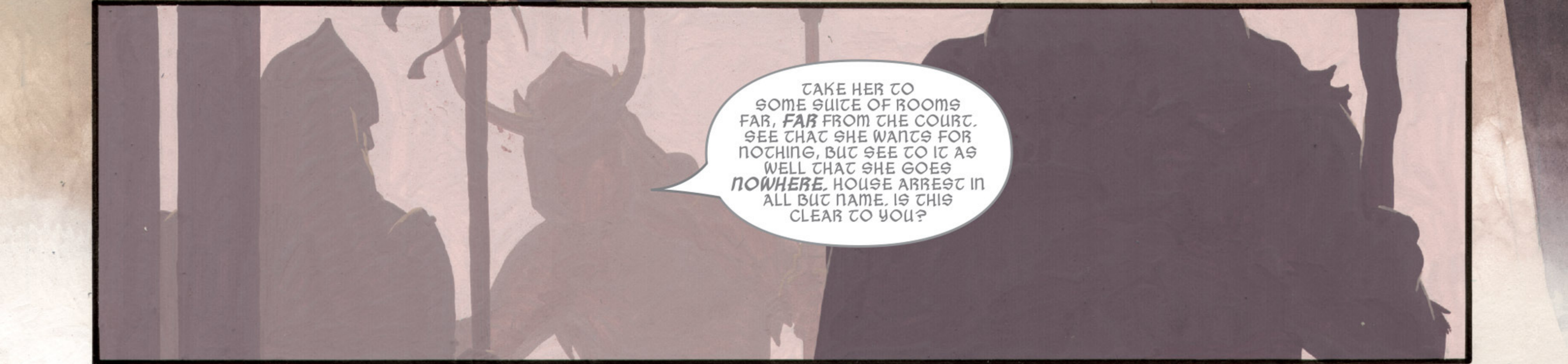


TILL SUCH
TIME, I, FARBAUTI,
STAND READY TO TAKE
MY PLACE HERE AS YORE
MOTHER ANE **QUEEN**
OF ALL THE
GODS!





IT SHALL, OF COURSE, BE AS YOU **SAY**, MOTHER. BUT LET ME FIRST HAVE YOU INSTALLED IN ACCOMMODATIONS SUITABLE TO YOUR **RANK**, WHERE YOU MAY REST AND REFRESH YOURSELF AFTER YOUR LONG JOURNEY.



TAKE HER TO SOME SUITE OF ROOMS FAR, **FAR** FROM THE COURT. SEE THAT SHE WANTS FOR NOTHING, BUT SEE TO IT AS WELL THAT SHE GOES **NOWHERE**. HOUSE ARREST IN ALL BUT NAME. IS THIS CLEAR TO YOU?



YES, MY LORD.

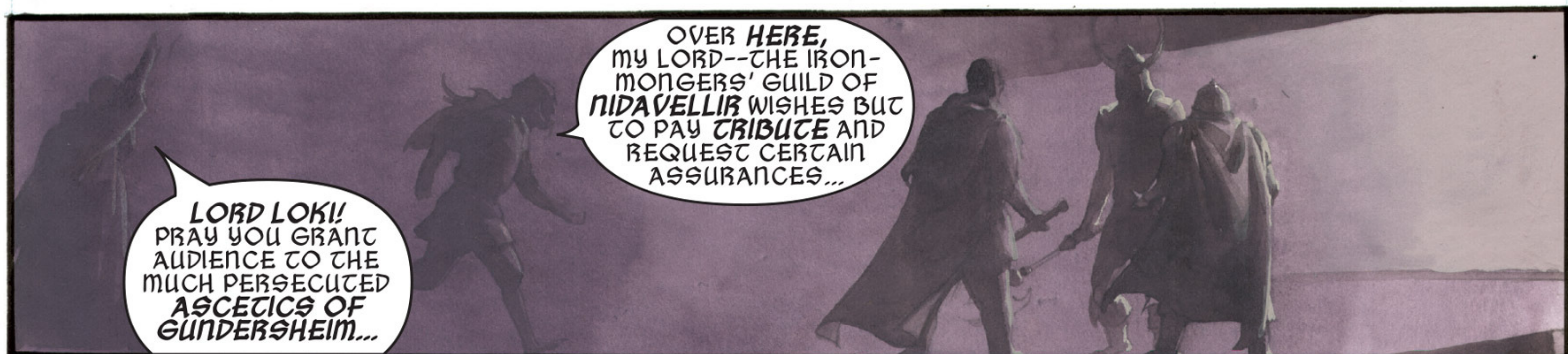


LET THEM SNICKER. THEY WILL FIND LESS AMUSEMENT WHEN I CUT OFF THEIR HERO'S **HEAD**.



MY LORD! IF
I MAY SPEAK WITH
YOU ON A MATTER
OF SOME
URGENCY...

MY LORD, I
REPRESENT THE
VANIR WHO HAVE MOST
PRESSING NEED OF
YOUR EAR...



LORD LOKI!
PRAY YOU GRANT
AUDIENCE TO THE
MUCH PERSECUTED
ASCETICS OF
GUNDERSHEIM...

OVER HERE,
MY LORD--THE IRON-
MONGERS' GUILD OF
NIDAVELLIR WISHES BUT
TO PAY TRIBUTE AND
REQUEST CERTAIN
ASSURANCES...



MY LORD, THE
REFUGEES FROM
SVARTALFHEIM...

...SPARE A
FEW MOMENTS
FOR THE ENVOY
FROM THE KING
OF JOLENA...

...YOUR ACTION
REQUIRED WITHOUT
DELAY...

...CONTESTED
TIMBER RIGHTS
TO THE FOREST
OF SIGURE...



m-my
LORD?...
WHERE...

HE...
HE WAS HERE
BUT A MOMENT
AGO...



MY LORD? ARE
YOU YET WITHIN
HEARING?

DO YOU
SEE HIM? IS
LORD LOKI YET
ABOUT?



"LAUFEY'S
REVENGE!"

CAN
THAT BE WHAT
I INVOKED,
MERE HOURS
AGONE?

ODIN'S
REVENGE, MORE
LIKE! DID THE CURSED
ALL-FATHER **KNOW** WHAT
HE WAS ABOUT WHEN HE
TOOK ME UNDER
HIS WING...?





NEVER WAS I ALLOWED TO FORGET THAT I WAS NOT AN ASGARDIAN BORN. **EVER** WAS I REMINDED THAT I WAS ALIEN AND INFERIOR TO THE GODS AND HEROES WHO FLOURISH HERE.

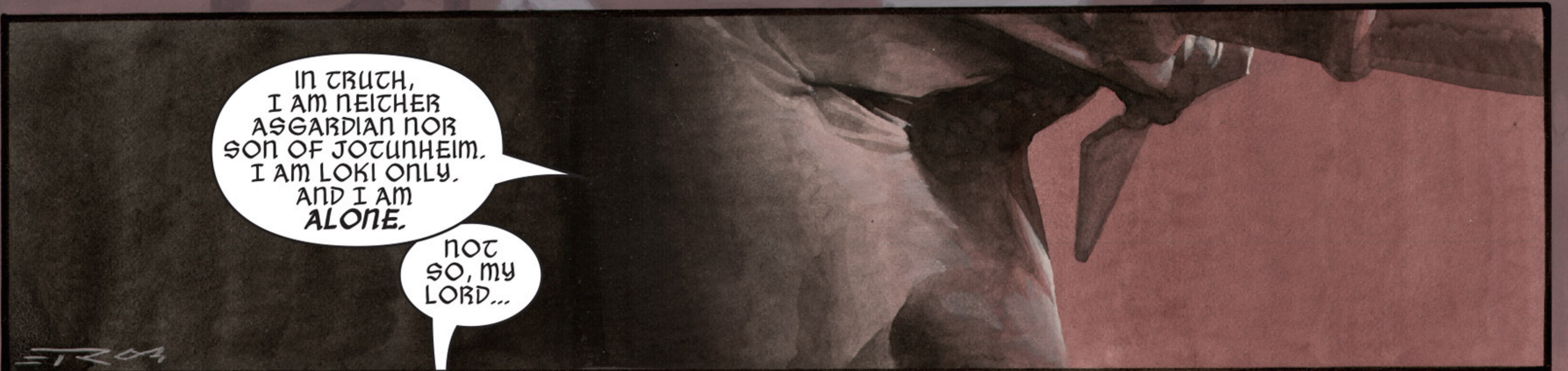


AND YET ODIN MUST WELL HAVE UNDERSTOOD THAT BY REARING ME WITHIN HIS GOLDEN CIRCLE, HE WAS RENDERING ME FOREVER **DISCREPANT** TO MY OWN BLOOD KIN.



HER **ATTIRE!** HER MANNER OF **SPEECH!** HER **BREATH,** LIKE A STAGNANT POOL OF FILTH! WHAT CRUELTY, TO BRING UP A SON IN SUCH A MANNER THAT HE CAN FEEL BUT **DISGUST** FOR HIS OWN MOTHER.

PETTY CHIEFTAINNESS OF A BOVINE PEOPLE! DOES **SHE** REPRESENT ALL THAT HAS LONG DRIVEN ME? THAT I HAVE PRIZED FAR ABOVE THE SHINING SPIRES OF ASGARD?



IN TRUTH, I AM NEITHER ASGARDIAN NOR SON OF JOTUNHEIM. I AM LOKI ONLY. AND I AM **ALONE.**

NOT SO, MY LORD...



...NOT WHILE
DAIA IS YET AT
HAND.



I BADE
YOU GO, GIRL.
DIMINISHED AS I AM,
YET I WILL CONSORT
WITH NO MINION OF
KARNILLA.

THE NORN QUEEN
SENT ME HITHER, IT IS
TRUE, BUT I AM NOT
HER MINION.



I AM A
CONCUBINE,
MY LORD. I WAS
GIVEN TO THE GUILD
AS A CHILD, AND
SCHOOLED FOR MANY
YEARS IN THE WAYS
OF **SERVICE** AND
SOLACE...

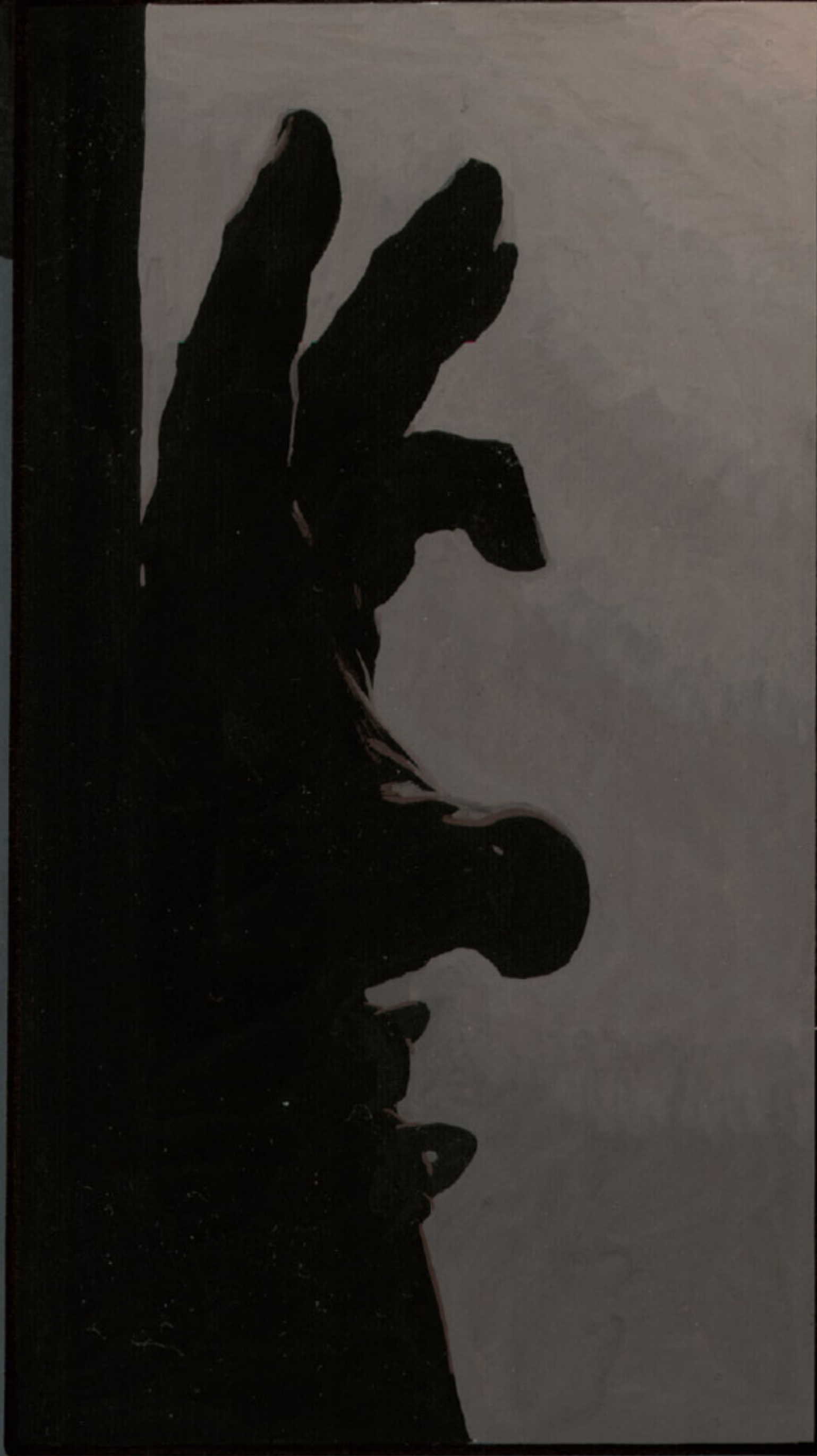


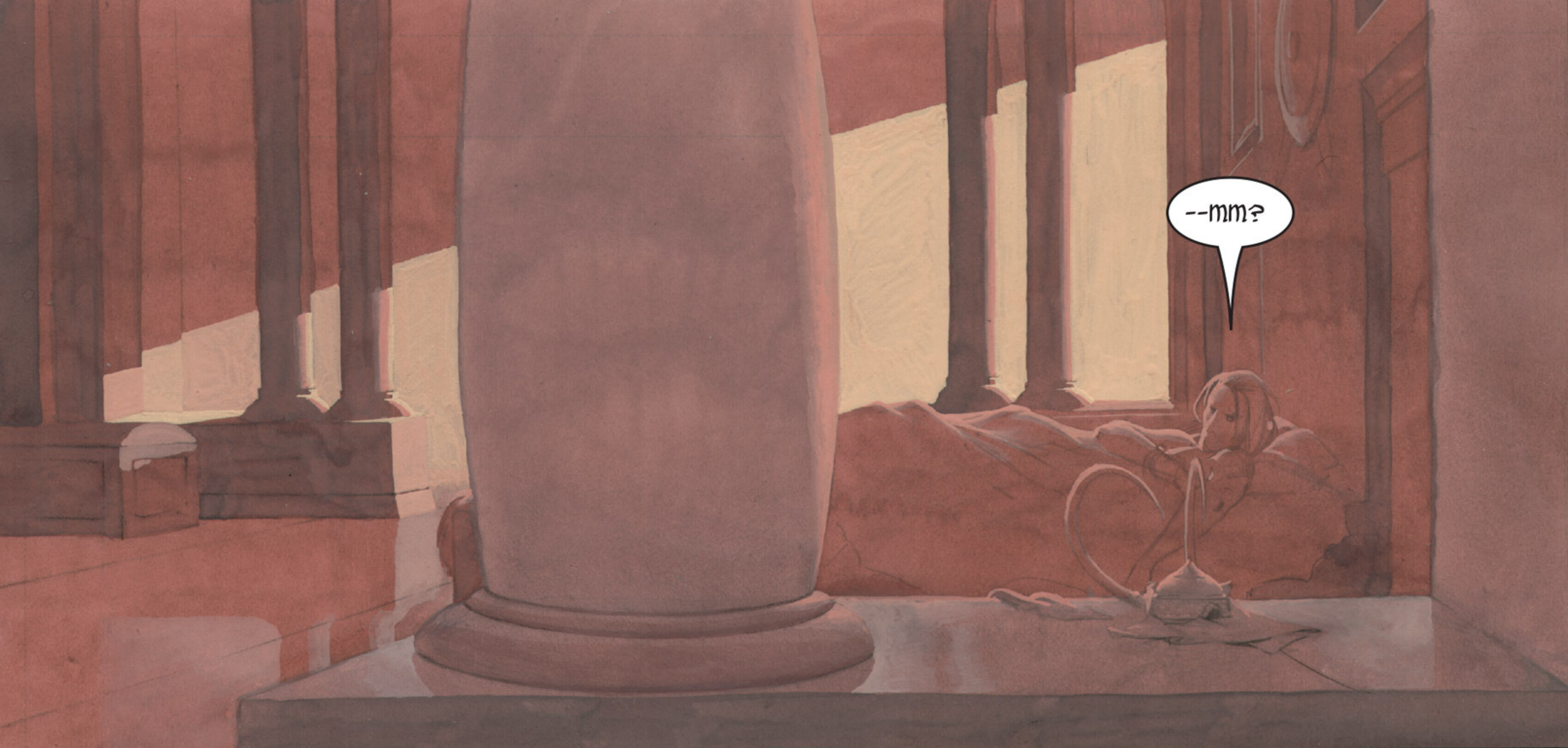
...AS I AM
ONLY TOO WILLING
TO **SHOW** YOU, IF
YOU WILL BUT LET
ME.

VERY
WELL. **SHOW**
ME...





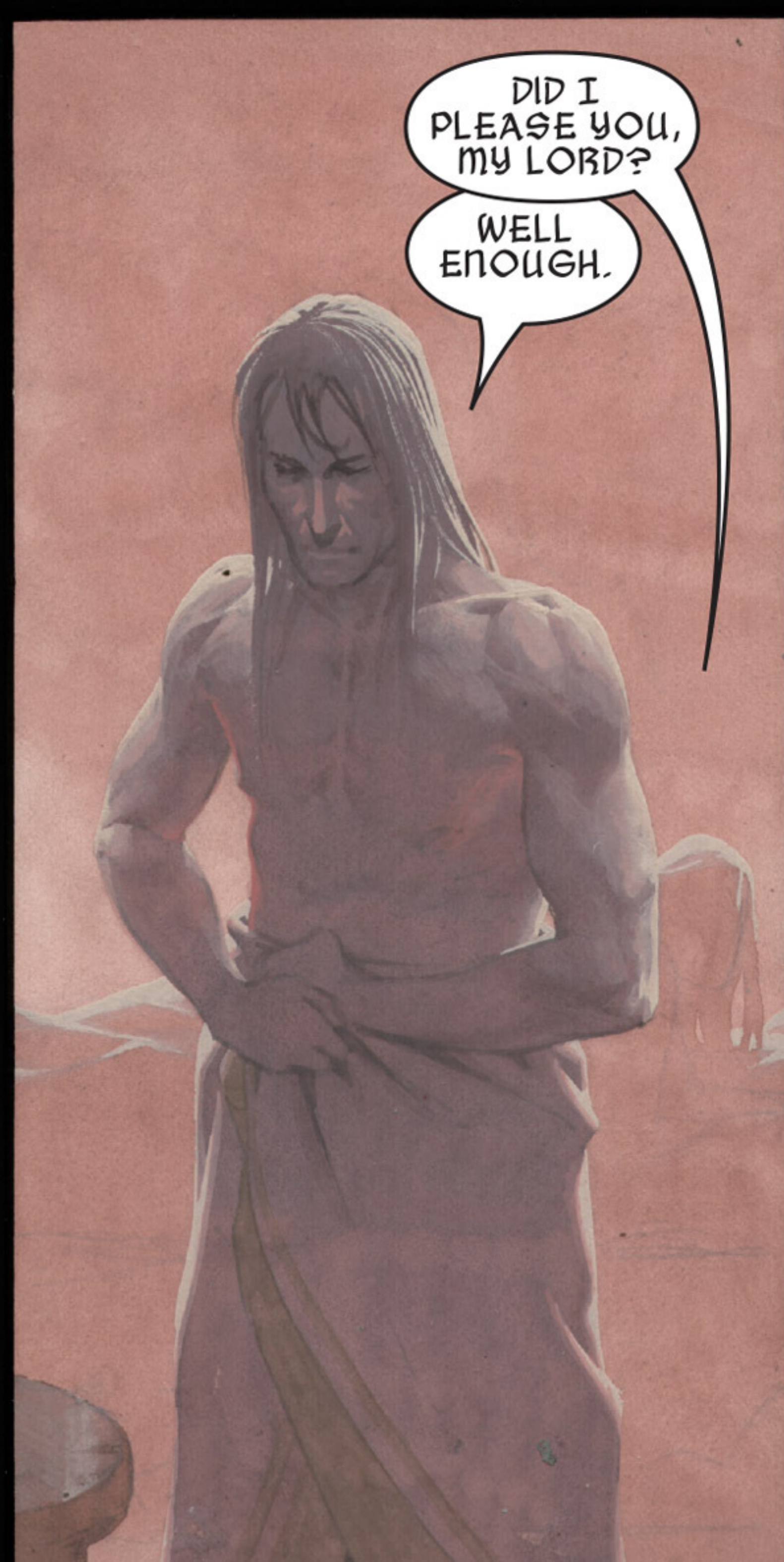




--mm?



my
LORD...?



DID I
PLEASE YOU,
MY LORD?

WELL
ENOUGH.



MUST
YOU GO?

I AM
RULER OF
ASGARD. I HAVE
MATTERS TO
ATTEND...



...BEGINNING
WITH THE REMOVAL
OF MY BROTHER'S
HEAD FROM HIS
SHOULDERS.



ARE WE
NOT TWO *FINE*
FELLOWS, LOKI? THERE
IS NOT OUR EQUAL IN
ALL THE NINE WORLDS!
COME, THEN, GIVE
ME YOUR HAND
ON IT...



OVER ALL
THE MILLENNIA, ONLY
YOU HAVE EVER LOVED
ME, THOR, ONLY *YOU* HAVE
EVER LOOKED AT ME WITH
AFFECTION IN PLACE OF
CONDESCENSION.

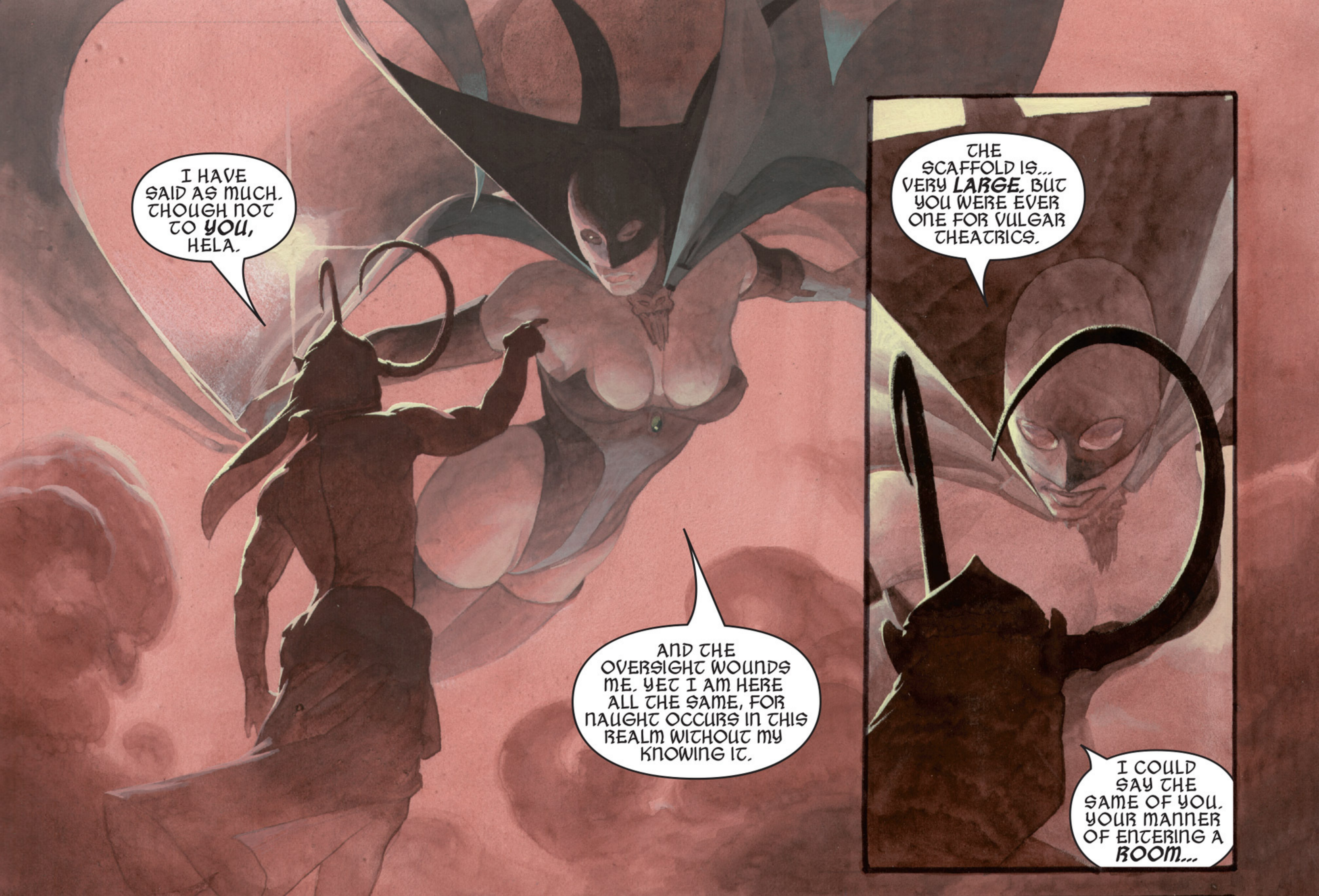
WHY,
THEN, AM I
KILLING YOU,
AND NOT THE
OTHERS?



BECAUSE
YOU
STOPPED.



SO
THE HOUR
ARRIVES.



I HAVE SAID AS MUCH, THOUGH NOT TO YOU, HELA.

THE SCAFFOLD IS... VERY **LARGE**, BUT YOU WERE EVER ONE FOR VULGAR THEATRICALS.

AND THE OVERSIGHT WOUNDS ME, YET I AM HERE ALL THE SAME, FOR NAUGHT OCCURS IN THIS REALM WITHOUT MY KNOWING IT.

I COULD SAY THE SAME OF YOU. YOUR MANNER OF ENTERING A ROOM...

YOU ARE **BRAVE** TO BANDY WORDS WITH ME, LAUFEYSON. BUT MY MOOD TODAY CAN BEAR IT.

TODAY, THE SOUL OF THOR IS **MINE!**

DO NOT TURN YOUR BACK ON ME, LITTLE KING.

WHAT IS IT THAT BRINGS YOU HERE, WHERE YOU ARE NOT WELCOME?



I AM
GLAD IT WAS
NOT WANT OF
COURTESY, FOR
CLEARLY I FIND
NONE.

ANSWER
MY QUESTION,
PLEASE.



I CAME
TO ASCERTAIN
WHETHER YOUR **LOINS**
ARE GIRDED. YOU ARE
A SHIFTING, **MOODY**
CREATURE, LAUFEYSON,
AS I HAVE LONG
OBSERVED...



...AND I
SHOULDN'T
LIKE YOU TO
LOSE YOUR
RESOLVE
AT THE
LAST.



I WILL
NOW **DRESS**.
STAY OR
GO AS YOU
WILL.

WHY DO
YOU REFUSE
ME REASSURANCE,
LITTLE KING? WHY WILL
YOU NOT CONFIRM WHAT
YOU HAVE **BOASTED**
TO SO MANY
OTHERS?





ATTENDANT!
COME
HICHER.



YOU
HAVE NOT
MADE REPLY,
LAUFEYSON.



my
LORD?

COME,
ATTEND
ME.



YET AGAIN
YOU TURN YOUR
FACE FROM ME,
LAUFEYSON.

I BUT GO
ABOUT MY BUSINESS.
IF YOU WOULD NOT SEE MY
BACK, THEN STAY FIXED IN
ONE PLACE AND FLIT NO
FURTHER ABOUT MY
PERSON.

m-my
LORD...? HAVE
I SOMEHOW
OFFENDED--

I SPOKE
NOT TO YOU,
FOOL. DRESS
ME.



NOW,
THIS INTERESTS
ME! I KNOW NOTHING
OF COURTLY FASHION.
ARE THESE, THEN, THE
SORT OF ROBES COURT
ETIQUETTE REQUIRES
FOR OVERSEEING THE
EXECUTION OF ONE'S
BROTHER?



ENOUGH...



...I WILL NOT BE HARANGUED BY *ANY* GOD OR GODDESS TO DO THAT WHICH IS NOT MY WILL!

AND IS IT NOT YOUR WILL TO KILL YOUR BROTHER, LAUFEYSON?



NO. IT IS *NOT* MY WILL.

THEN YOU HAVE BUILT A SPLENDID STAGE UPON WHICH NO ONE IS TO ACT.



I CARE NOT.

EVEN A GOD MAY BE DRIVEN TO EXTREMES... BUT DESPITE ANCESTRY, DESTINY, AND THE WEIGHT OF THE *COSMOS*, HE RETAINS YET HIS POWER TO SAY *NO*.

THOR WILL BEAR YOU NO GOODWILL FOR SPARING HIM.



PERHAPS NOT.

BUT PERHAPS, NOW THAT WE ARE PUSHED TO THE *ULTIMATE* CONFLICT...WE CAN SEE EACH OTHER CLEAR AT LAST.



AH. AND WHAT WILL THE THUNDER GOD *SEE*?

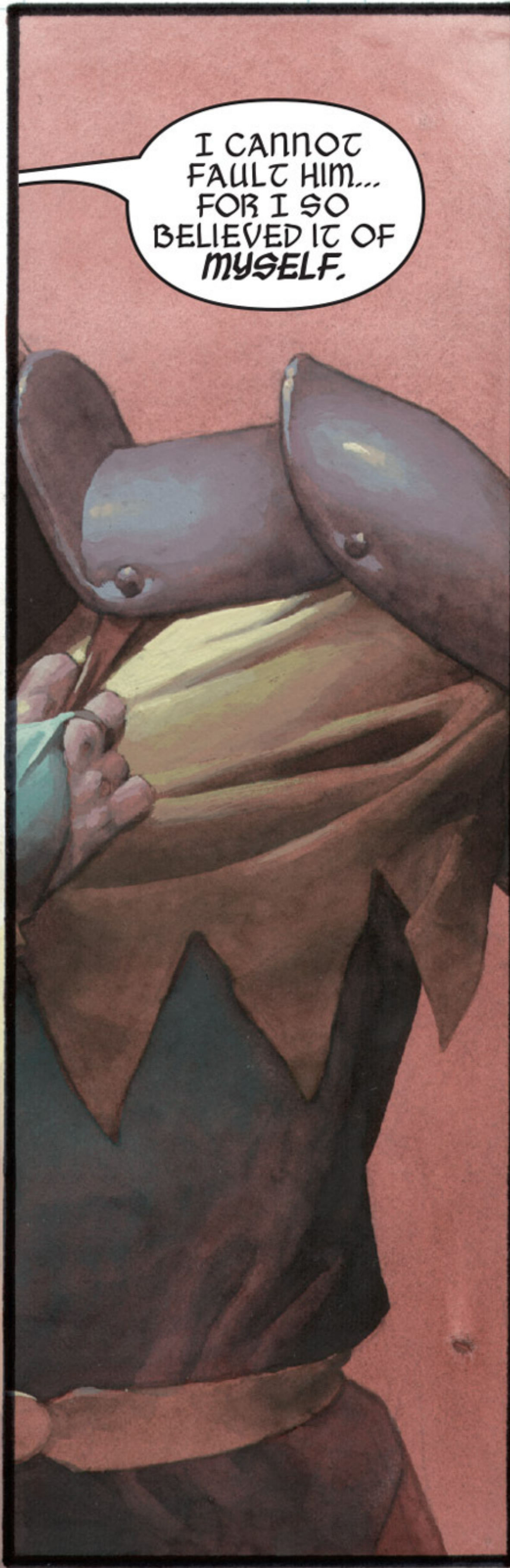
ONE WHO WOULD AGAIN BE HIS *BROTHER*.



WE DID LOVE EACH OTHER ONCE, BEFORE THE NOXIOUS INSINUATIONS OF HIS **VIXEN** AND **FELLOWS-AT-ARMS**...AND BEFORE THE MACHINATIONS OF THE **ALL-FATHER** COMPELLED US IN OPPOSING DIRECTIONS.



THOR BELIEVES MUCH EVIL OF ME BECAUSE HE HAS BEEN **BRED** AND **LED** TO DO SO.



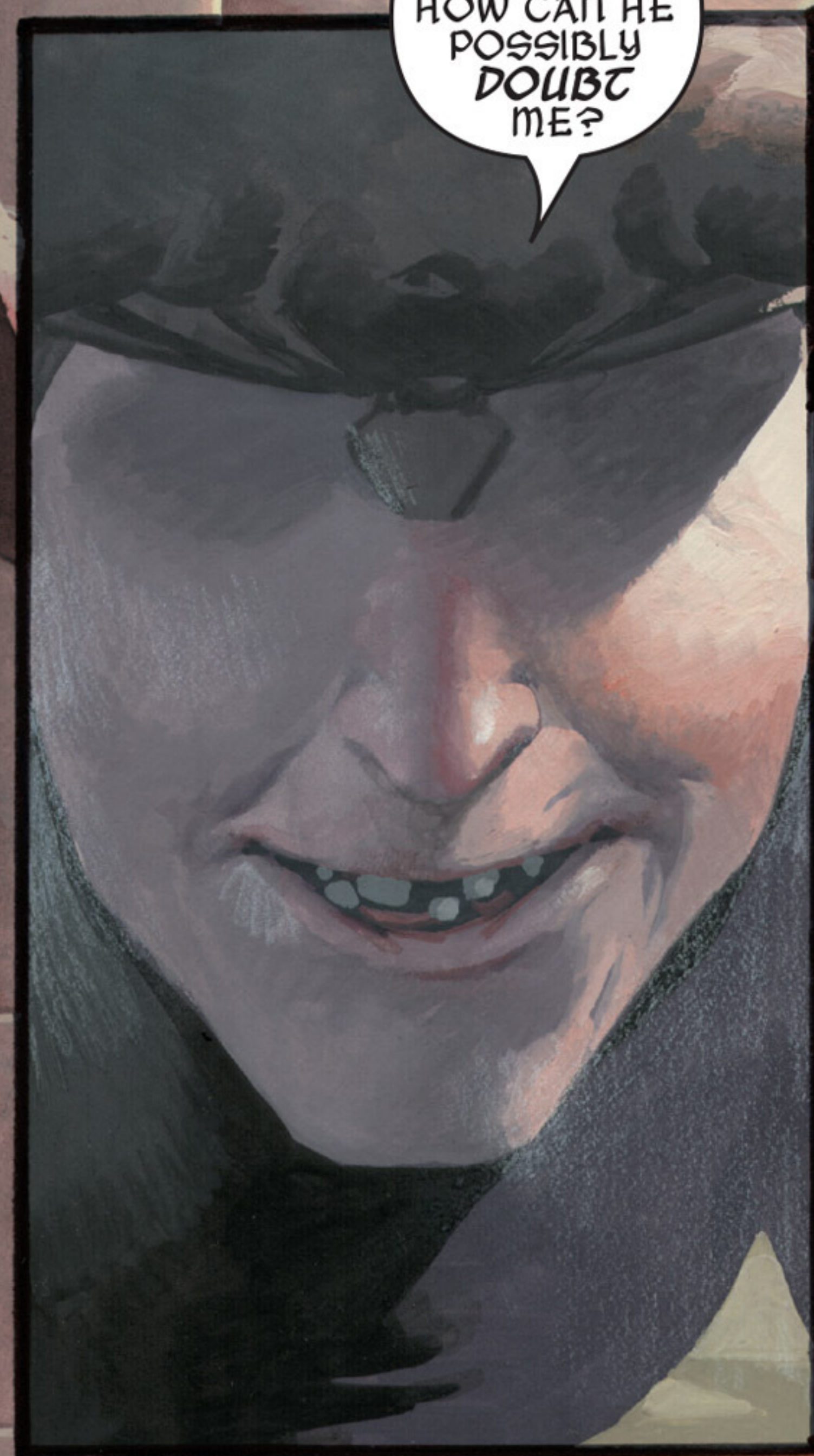
I CANNOT FAULT HIM... FOR I SO BELIEVED IT OF **MYSELF**.



BUT NOW... HOW CAN HE **DOUBT** ME?



TO HAVE HIS LIFE IN MY HANDS...AND GIVE IT **BACK**.



DAMN THE FACES, HOW CAN HE POSSIBLY **DOUBT** ME?



AND IS
THE WRATH
OF HELA SO EASILY
DISMISSED, LAUFEYSON?
CARE YOU SO LITTLE FOR
YOUR OWN LIFE THAT...
THAT...

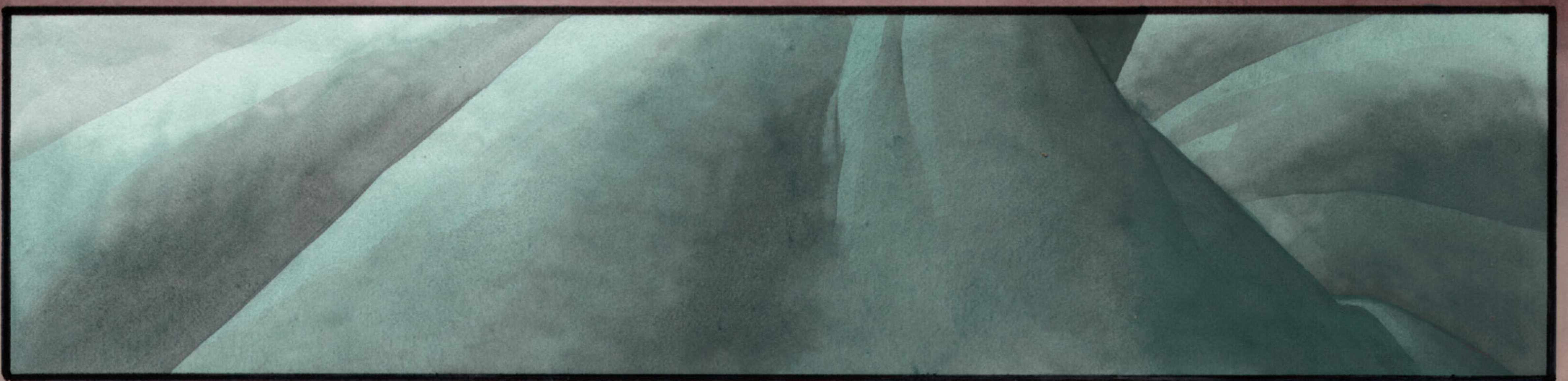


~SIGH~



THUS
THE UNHAPPY
PARADOX:

THE
TRICKSTER
MAY TRICK
ALL...



...SAVE
HIMSELF.

ETROX.



ZZZZZZMMP...



WHO...WHO DARES...

SHEATHE YOUR SWORD. IT IS I, YOUR MASTER.



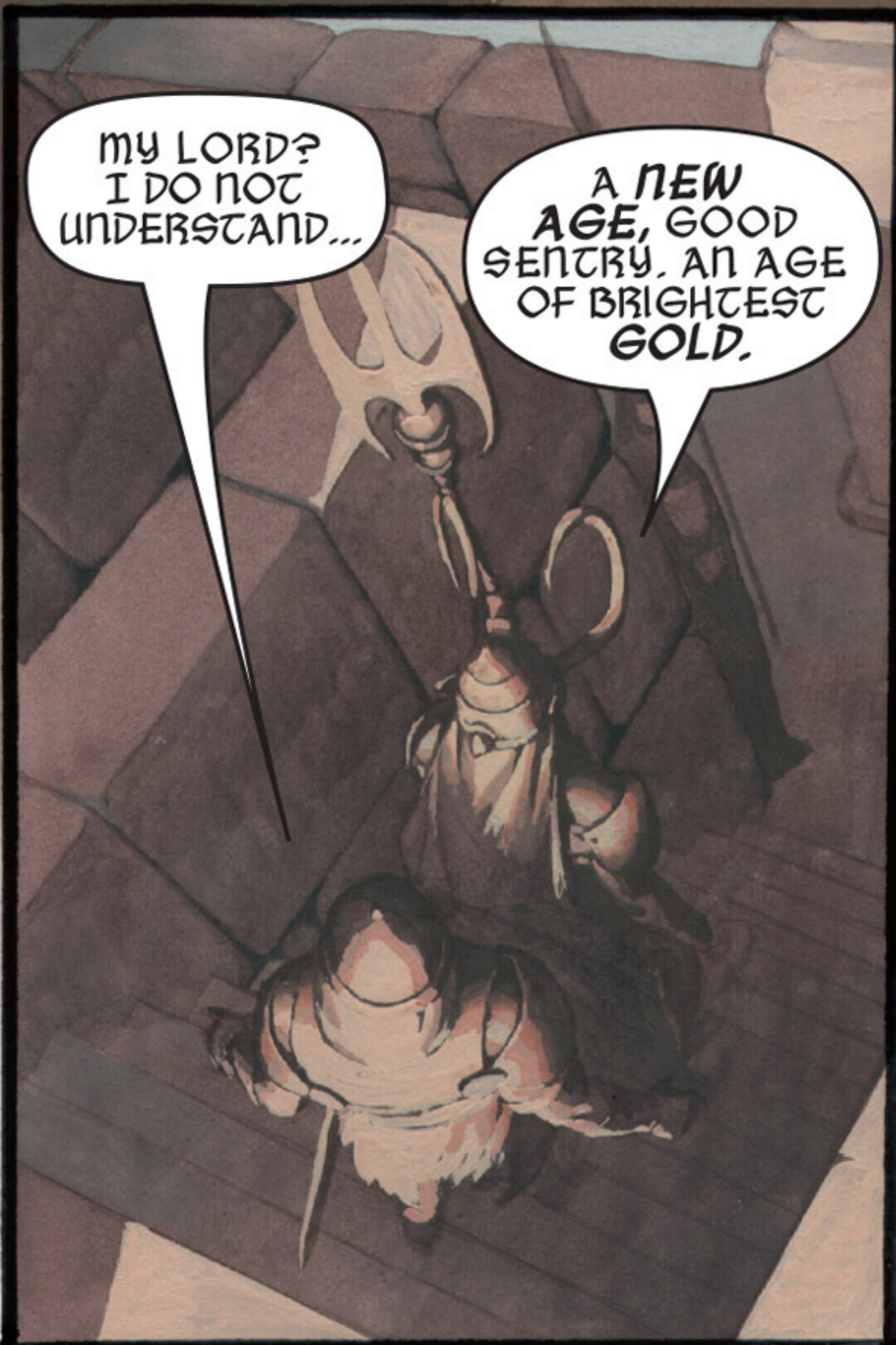
A THOUSAND **PARDONS**, my LORD!

NEVER MIND, MAKE **HASTE**. YOU WILL ACCOMPANY ME TO THE PRISON.



IS THE EXECUTION TO COMMENCE SO EARLY, my LORD? MOST OF ASGARD YET SLEEPS.

LET THEM. I HAVE **BETTER** IN MIND FOR THEM THAN A DISPLAY OF ROYAL **GORE**.



MY LORD? I DO NOT UNDERSTAND...

A **NEW AGE**, GOOD SENTRY. AN AGE OF BRIGHTEST **GOLD**.



SO YOU HAVE **SAID**, my LORD.

BUT I MEAN **DIFFERENT** NOW...I MEAN GOLD UNTARNISHED BY **BLOOD**, MOLDED BY TRUTH AND BURNISHED BY **BROTHERHOOD**--





BOOM





THOR!
no! no!

YOU MUST
HEAR WHAT I HAVE
LEARNED...WHAT I HAVE
PLANNED...WE CAN DEFY
DESTINY, WE TWO...
UNSEAT THE TYRANNY
OF **FATE**...

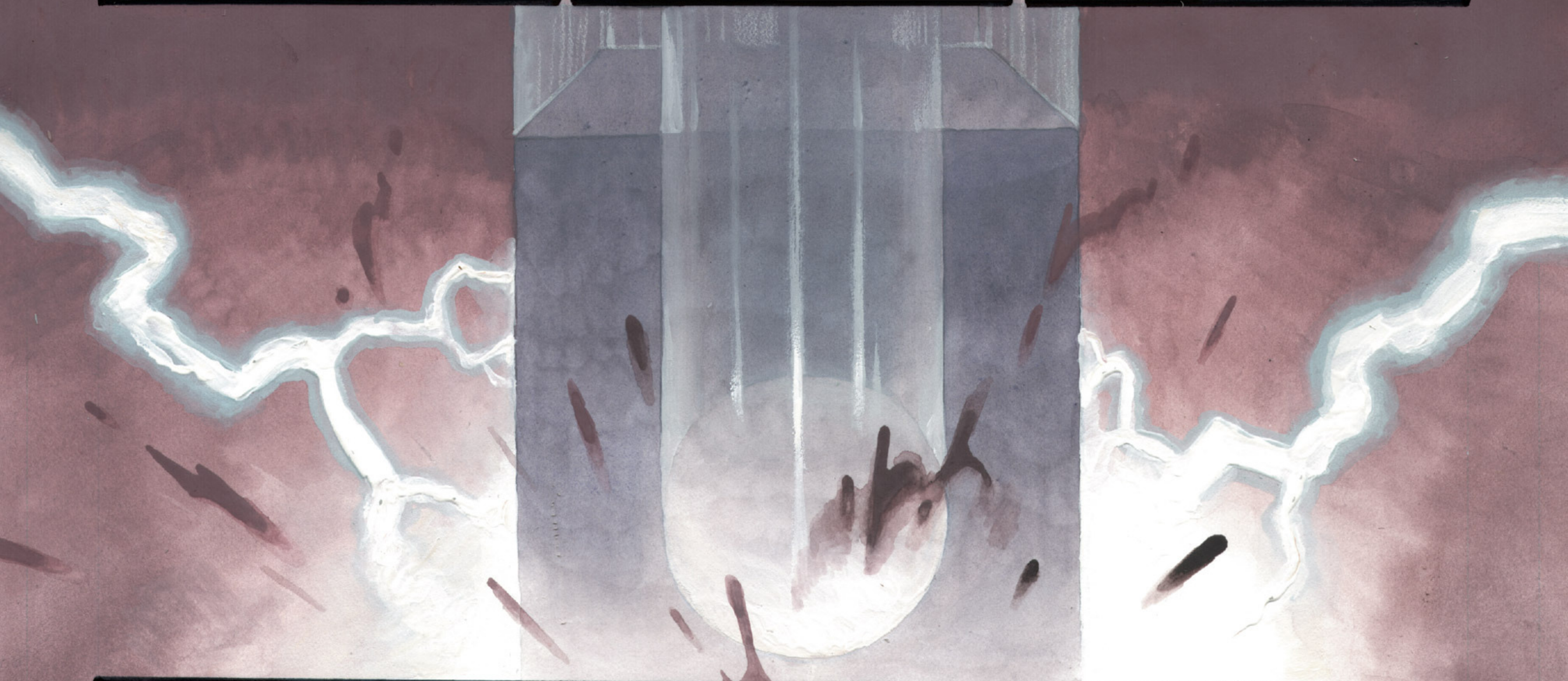


DO NOT,
I BEG YOU,
CONSIGN ME TO
ITS **POWER** AGAIN...
DO NOT MAKE OF
ME WHAT I **WAS**...



...my
FUTURE LOT,
AND **YOURS**, HINGE
ON YOUR NEXT
ACTION. IF THERE
IS YET MERCY
IN YOU...

...IF
THERE EVER
WAS MERCY
IN YOU...



FIN.

ETOR.